

In Recital

Curtis Knecht, baritone
accompanied by
Tanya Jessica Wan Lim

Casey Peden, soprano
accompanied by
Robert Thomas Kelly

Sunday, February 19, 1995
at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



Department of Music
University of Alberta

Curtis would like to dedicate this performance to
Alfred Zurfluh

Program

Excerpts from:

Die Schöne Müllerin, 1823

Das Warndern

Wohin?

Halt!

Danksagung an der Bach

Am Feirabend

Der Neugierige

Curtis Knecht

Franz Schubert

(1797-1829)

Và godendo (Serse), (1694)

George Frederick Handel

(1685-1759)

Lieder:

Claodine's Arietta

(Liebe Schwärmt auf allen Wegen (1815)

Lachen und Weinen, Op. 59 No. 4 (1823)

Lied der Mignon, Op. 62 No. 4 (1826)

(Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt)

Franz Schubert

(1797-1828)

Ach, ich Fühl's, es ist verschwunden (1791)

(Die Zauberflöte)

Casey Peden

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756-1791)

Duets:

Bei Männern (Die Zauberflöte) (1791)

Là ci darem La mano (Don Giovanni) (1787)

Curtis Knecht , Casey Peden

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(1756-1791)

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge

Translations:

THE MILLER'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER

JOURNEYING

To journey is the miller's joy,
to journey!

A wretched miller must he be
who never thought of journeying,
of journeying.

From the water we've learnt it,
from the water!
That knows no rest by day or night,
is forever bent on journeying,
the water.

We learn it from the wheels too,
the mill-wheels!
Which never willingly are still,
which never tire of turning,
the mill-wheels.

The mill-stones, heavy as they are,
the mill-stones,
they join in the merry dance,
and wish it even faster,
the mill-stones.

O journeying, journeying, my joy,
O journeying!
Master, Mistress,
let me in peace go on my way,
and journey.

WHITHER?

A brook I heard babbling
from its rocky source,
and heading for the valley,
so live and wondrous clear.

What seized me, I know not,
nor who put it in my mind:
I, too, made for the valley,
with my wanderer's staff.

Downward, ever downward,
keeping always to the brook,
and ever livelier babbled,
and ever clearer, the brook.

Is this, then, my path?
O brooklet, say to where.
You have, with your babbling,
quite bemused my mind.

Why do I speak of babbling?
No babbling can that be:
the water nymphs it is,
who sing and dance below.

Let nymphs sing, brook babble,
and follow cheerfully.
For mill-wheels there are
in every crystal stream!

HALT!

A mill I see bright
among the alders;
through babbling and singing
breaks the roar of wheels.

Welcome, welcome,
sweet mill-song!
And the house, how cosy!
And the windows, how they gleam!

And the sun, how brightly
it shines from the sky.
O brooklet, dear brooklet,
is this what was meant?

THANKSGIVING TO THE BROOK

Is this what was meant,
my babbling friend?
By your song, your noise,
is this what was meant?

To the miller's daughter!
That's the sense.
I've understood, haven't I?
To the miller's daughter.

Was it she who sent you?
Or have you entranced me?
That, too, I'd like to know:
is she it was who sent you.

Well, be that as it may,
I am content:
what I've sought, I've found,
be it as it may.

For work I asked,
now I have enough,
for hands, for heart,
more than enough.

WHEN WORK IS OVER
Would I'd a thousand
arms to keep busy!
Would I could drive
the wheels with a roar,
could blow
through every wood,
could turn
every mill-stone,
so the fair miller's daughter
might see my true worth!

Ah, so feeble is my arm!
What I heave, what I carry,
what I cut, what I hammer-
any lad can do as much.
And then I sit with others,
when work is over, in cool and quiet,
and the master says at all:
'I am pleased with what you've done.'
And that sweet maiden says:
'A good night to everyone.'

THE INQUISITIVE ONE
I ask no flower,
I ask no star;
they cannot tell me
what I'd so like to hear.

For I am no gardener,
the stars are far too high;

I will ask my brooklet
if my heart has lied.

O brooklet of my love,
how silent you are today!
Just one thing I want to hear,
all around, one tiny word.

Yes, is one such word,
the other is No,
and by these two tiny words
my whole world is bounded.

O brooklet of my love,
how strange you are!
I'll let it go no further-
brooklet, does she love me?

Và GODENDO
Joyously and graciously ripples
That free-flowing brooklet,
And with clear waves it runs through
the grass.
Gaily towards the sea.

CLAUDINE'S ARIETTO
Love roves everywhere;
Constancy lives alone.
Love comes rushing towards you;
Constancy must be sought.

TEARS AND LAUGHTER
Laughter and tears, at whatever hour,
are founded, in love, on so many things.
In the morning I laughed for joy,
and why I now weep
in the evening glow
I myself do not know.

Tears and laughter, at whatever hour,
are founded, in love, on so many things.
AT evening I wept for grief;
and why you can awake
at morn with laughter,
that I must ask you, O heart.

ONLY HE WHO KNOWS LONGING

Only he who knows longing
knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off
from all joy,
I gaze at the firmament
in that direction.
Ah, he who loves and knows me
is far away.
My head reels,
my body blazes.
Only he knows longing
knows what I suffer!

AH, I SENSE IT HAS VANISHED

Ah, I sense it has vanished!
The joy of love gone forever!
Hours of delight, you will never come
back to my heart again!
See Tamino, these tears
are flowing for you alone, beloved.
If you do not feel love's longing
then there will be rest in death!

DUETS:

MAGIC FLUTE

Pamina:

In men who feel love,
a good heart, too, is never lacking.

Papageno:

Sharing these sweet urges
is then women's first duty.

Both:

We want to enjoy love;
it is through love alone that we live.

Pamina:

Love sweetens every sorrow;
every creature pays homage to it.

Papageno:

It gives relish to the days of our life,
it acts in the cycle of nature.

Both:

Its high purpose clearly proclaims:
there is nothing nobler than woman and man.
Man and woman, and woman and man,
reach towards the deity.

DON GIOVANNI

There you will give me your hand.
There you will tell me "yes".
You see, it is not far.
Let us leave, my beloved.

Zerlina:

I'd like to, but yet I would not.
My heart trembles a little.
It's true I would be happy,
But he may be just tricking me.

Don Giovanni:

Come, my dearly beloved!

Zerlina:

I'm sorry for Masetto.

Don Giovanni:

I will change your life.

Zerlina:

Soon I won't be able to resist.

Don Giovanni:

Let us go!

Zerlina:

Let us go!

Both:

Let us go, let us go, my beloved,
To soothe the pangs
Of an innocent love.

